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64TH CONGRESS, 2d Session } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES { DOCUMENT No. 2139

WILLIAM GAY BROWN, JR.

(Late a Representative from West Virginia)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House
April 16, 1916

Proceedings in the Senate
February 25, 1917

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DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM GAY BROWN, JR.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

[illegible], March 8, 1916.

Mr. NEELY. Mr. Speaker, with a heavy heart I announce to the House the death of our colleague and fellow worker, Hon. William G. Brown, Jr., of West Virginia.

At a later day I shall ask the House to set aside a day to pay appropriate tribute to the [illegible] and public services.

I send to the Clerk's desk [illegible] for the immediate consideration of the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM GAY BROWN, JR.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

THURSDAY, *March 9, 1916.*

Mr. NEELY. Mr. Speaker, it is with a heavy heart that I announce to the House the death of our colleague and fellow worker, Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., of West Virginia.

At a later date I shall ask the House to set aside a day to pay appropriate tribute to his life, character, and public services.

I send to the Clerk's desk and ask for the immediate consideration of the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 162

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., a Representative from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to; and the Speaker appointed as the committee on the part of the House Mr. Neely, Mr. Littlepage, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Moss of West

Virginia, Mr. Cooper of West Virginia, Mr. Glass, Mr. Candler of Mississippi, Mr. Foster, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Woods of Iowa, Mr. Lindbergh, Mr. Porter, Mr. Wilson of Florida, Mr. Taylor of Arkansas, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Riordan, Mr. Conry, Mr. Platt, Mr. Russell of Missouri, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Rucker.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will state to the House that the funeral train will leave the Union Station at 12.40 to-morrow night and that the sleeping cars will be open at 10 p. m.

Mr. NEELY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, March 10, 1916, at 12 o'clock noon.

FRIDAY, *March 10, 1916.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty Father, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, whose mercy is from everlasting to everlasting, our hearts are profoundly moved by the visitation into the congressional home of that strange and mysterious change which we call death. The eyes that looked into ours are closed, the lips that answered to our call are stilled, the hand that clasped ours with warmth and affection responds no more to our touch.

To whom shall those who loved him go but to Thee for consolation and comfort? Thou gavest life and Thou hast taken it away. Enlarge our faith and make bright our hopes that we may be assured that life is stronger than

death; that love, the crown of all humanity, lives on forever. The sands of life run swiftly; help us, therefore, to work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work. May all that was strong, pure, noble in his character be an inspiration to us. And O God, our Father, bring us all at last into one of Thy many mansions, that we may dwell together where love shall be the ruling passion, through Him who taught us the continuity of life. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Porter] has notified the Chair that he can not attend the funeral services of the late Representative BROWN, of West Virginia, and the Chair appoints the gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Cullop, to take his place.

The gentleman from New York [Mr. Platt] has notified the Speaker that he can not attend the funeral of Mr. BROWN, of West Virginia, and the Chair appoints Mr. Austin, of Tennessee, in his place.

Mr. AUSTIN. Mr. Speaker, it will be impossible for me to attend, because I am interested in the Borland amendment.

The SPEAKER. If the gentleman from Tennessee can not attend, the Chair will appoint the gentleman from Vermont, Mr. Greene.

WEDNESDAY, *March 29, 1916.*

Mr. NEELY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 188

Resolved, That Sunday, the 16th day of April, 1916, at 12 o'clock, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Representative from the State of West Virginia.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution?

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

THURSDAY, *April 13, 1916.*

The SPEAKER. The Chair designates Mr. Neely, of West Virginia, to preside on Sunday at the memorial exercises respecting the late Mr. BROWN, of West Virginia

SUNDAY, *April 16, 1916.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon and was called to order by Mr. Neely as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our heavenly Father, we praise and magnify Thy holy name for all the gifts Thou hast bestowed upon us which differentiate man from all Thy creative acts by his intellectual, moral, and spiritual endowments, which hold him close to Thee, and fill him with longings, hopes, and aspirations which lift him even to the throne of Thy divinity. For faith, hope, love, "faith the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; hope, the polar star which guides the traveler on his way; love, the bond which time nor space can sever, the earnest of the immortality of the soul.

We meet here to-day because our hearts have been touched by the untimely death of a noble man, whose life was fraught with great thoughts and great deeds; a patriot, a philanthropist, a follower of the Jesus of Nazareth, a man beloved by all who knew him; wise in his counsels, tender in his affections, a friend to those in need; a man

of affairs, untiring in his duties on the floor of this House. He will be missed in his home, in his community, his district, his State, his Nation. We mourn his going and would record on the pages of history his life, character, and deeds, that his example may be a beacon light to guide us and those who shall come after us to high and noble living. May his colleagues and friends, his bereaved, beloved wife and daughters find solace in the blessed promises of the immortality of the soul, and look forward with bright anticipations to the larger life beyond the confines of the now, where there shall be no more parting, and where God shall wipe all tears from all faces and love be the ruling passion forever and aye, in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Mr. KITCHIN. Mr. Speaker, since many Members thought these ceremonies would take place next Sunday instead of to-day, I ask unanimous consent that any Member have the privilege of extending remarks in the Record on the life, character, and public services of our deceased colleague, the late Representative BROWN, of West Virginia.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from North Carolina asks that all Members have leave to extend remarks in the Record on the life, character, and public services of our deceased colleague. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order for the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Neely, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, April 16, 1916, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Representative from the State of West Virginia.

Mr. LITTLEPAGE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution and move its adoption.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from West Virginia offers a resolution which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 204

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Member of this House from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Littlepage, of West Virginia

Mr. Speaker: We are assembled in this Hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol of this Nation to pay our last tribute to the life's efforts and the memory of a distinguished Member of this American Congress, who departed this life on the 9th day of March, 1916.

In the death of Hon. William G. Brown the second district of West Virginia suffered an irreparable loss. In fact, the entire State of West Virginia and this Nation thereby suffered a very great loss. I had the honor to enter this House as a Member and to take the oath of office as a Representative from the third congressional district of West Virginia at the same time Mr. Brown entered as a Representative from the second district of West Virginia. Prior to that time, while we knew each other, our acquaintance was not as close as it became from the beginning of our service here, and in paying this last tribute to the memory of this good man sentiment and justice impel me to say that I found him during all the vicissitudes, the turmoil, and pleasures of his busy official life a thorough, polished gentleman, a hard worker, a faithful friend, and an industrious public servant.

He was indeed a very charitable man, especially to the poor and unfortunate. His public relations here with the membership of this House have always been of the most cordial, courteous, and elevating character. He loved his district, his State, and his Government. He was essentially an American; yes, an American in the broadest sense of that great word. His love for his

Government and his Government's institutions, as shown by his course as a public man, was uppermost in his mind and heart. The Members of this House, regardless of partisan politics, looked upon him as a friend and loved him as a just, patriotic man.

Our official relations and personal friendships improved from the first day of our service in this House until that friendship ripened and became one of affection. Our offices were in the same corridor of the House Office Building, and I know something about the way he labored for the people who honored him by electing him to Congress three consecutive times, and I know he was an honor to the people not only of his district, but all of the people of his State and mine. Late and early have I seen him at work. His office was a beehive of industry—hundreds of his constituents coming and going to see him; and to every one, whether they voted for or against him, he extended the glad hand of welcome. I have known of many of his constituents whom he befriended in more ways than one, often in a financial way, and I have no doubt, from his known qualities of liberality, that it will require many thousands of dollars to tell the true story of his charity.

WILLIAM GAY BROWN was born on April 7, 1856, in Kingwood, Preston County, W. Va., and died in the Capital of his Nation. He leaves a widow and infant daughter, and also a daughter by a former marriage.

One notable and characteristic feature of his usefulness and noble life was the great love he constantly bore for his mother. She lived to quite an old age at the old family homestead in Kingwood. He often talked with me about his mother before her death, which occurred on the 8th day of February, 1913, and he talked with me about her since her death. By her death he was dealt a staggering blow and seemed never to have gotten over it.

I had the honor to be chosen as a member of the committee to go with his remains from this city to Kingwood, where they were buried, and had the membership of this House and the people who knew him here witnessed the outpouring of his neighbors and the sadness which seemed to pervade the whole community, and heard the expressions of friendship, good will, and love cherished for him by his neighbors and those who knew him best, I am sure the respect for him here would, if possible, be increased.

It is sad to contemplate, Mr. Speaker, that he was taken from us so suddenly, and that he has gone forever. In the midst of a busy and a useful life he was cut down and fell like a mighty oak of the forest to arise no more. No more shall we hear his voice in this Chamber; never again will we be able to grasp his friendly hand. He has gone to his final reward, leaving a memory cherished as few have been. His splendid spirit, so worthy, so noble and inspiring, has taken its flight to a better world, there to dwell with his loved ones gone before. Tender memories cluster around his empty chair in this House of sadness to-day, and these sacred memories, in part compensating for his loss and absence, will be cherished evermore by those who knew him, and to have known him was to love him.

He was prepared and not afraid to die. His only concern in this respect was for his loved ones left behind. With hearts full of sorrow and sympathy for his widow, who was so faithful to her distinguished and beloved husband even unto death, and to his two children, we, in this hour of distress and genuine sadness, offer our condolence and renew our promise and bond of friendship to and for them while life lasts.

Address of Mr. Foster, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: It was my good fortune to serve on a committee of this House with Hon. William G. Brown, late a Representative from the State of West Virginia. He was known by all the members of the committee as a faithful, honest, hard-working Representative.

Mr. Brown was most respected by the people with whom he was best acquainted and where he had lived all his life. Close association and frequent meeting of a man under the varied conditions of life shows best what there is in him, and he is best judged by what he does in everyday life. Mr. Brown's life was an open book to those who knew him and no one had complaint to make of his action as a representative of the people by whom he was so much honored and respected. He was faithful and devoted to the people of the congressional district which he represented in this House. He was always unassuming and went about his work in a quiet way, determined to give the most efficient service that was possible. He was a man of whom it could be truly said, the world was better because he had lived a good and useful life, and it was a loss when he was taken away.

On March 27, 1916, the committee on which he was a member passed resolutions with reference to the life, character, and services of this distinguished man, and I ask that these resolutions be read from the Clerk's desk.

The Speaker pro tempore. The Clerk will read the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

William G. Brown, Jr., Representative of the second congressional district of West Virginia in the National House of Representatives, was born at Kingwood, Va. (later West Virginia), April 7, 1856, and died in Washington, D. C., stricken in the midst of

his varied legislative duties, March 9, 1916. One of his official connections as a Member of this House was an assignment to the Committee on Mines and Mining, which committee, profoundly sensible of its loss and reflecting on the valuable services and affable companionship of the deceased member, at a meeting held considered and adopted the following resolutions for presentation to the House April 16, 1916:

"Whereas death, on swift and silent feet, unheralded and unannounced by any warning, has come to this committee and taken away one of its most highly valued and beloved members; and

"Whereas, in the passing from among us of the Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., this committee experiences a sense of shock and bereavement and loss by his death: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this committee, in so far as it is able to translate its feelings of personal loss through the medium of the written word, lay this sincere but all too insufficient tribute upon the altar of the cherished memory of a colleague whose services to his country and to this committee were of a high order, whose genial and whole-souled personality, whose gentlemanly qualities and uniform courtesy at all times won him a warm and affectionate regard and esteem in the hearts of the members of this body. 'Junior' BROWN, as he was lovingly called by all who knew him, as a Member of the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, and Sixty-fourth Congresses showed to his newly made associates those sterling qualities of mind and heart which enabled him to achieve success in the financial, political, and social life of his native State and gave him a commanding and heroic place in the hearts of his fellow West Virginians. He was a popular and highly respected figure throughout his own State, as he was a Member of the House and of this committee. He brought to his official duties in Congress a broad experience, a matured, equably balanced judgment, a high sense of honor and integrity, and a lofty patriotism which quickly gained for him the recognition and appreciation from his colleagues that he so richly deserved.

"*Resolved, therefore*, That these resolutions be communicated to the House and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased."

Address of Mr. Cullop, of Indiana

Mr. Speaker: William Gay Brown, Jr., late a Representative from the State of West Virginia, was one of the most genial and lovable men I have ever known. He was a prince among men and a courtly knight among women. His affable manners and pleasing disposition made him a favorite in every assemblage in which he formed a part.

Born of good parentage, reared amid pleasing environments, surrounded with the advantages of culture and refinement, trained in business affairs by parents who had earned success as the result of ability, industry, and sagacity, he was well equipped for the battles of life and prepared to successfully grapple with the questions he would necessarily be called upon to meet and solve in his career.

His father was a noted lawyer in his day in the community in which he lived, a man of strong will power, courage, and determination, shrewd in business affairs, and popular among his people. He served several terms in Congress, was the author of the enabling act creating West Virginia a sovereign State, and because of this distinguished service was often called the "Father of West Virginia."

His mother was a most admirable person, strong character, sagacious in business affairs, and a most lovable woman. Mr. Brown often spoke of her in the most affectionate manner.

I first met Mr. Brown at the opening of the Sixty-second Congress, the beginning of his congressional service. We became warm friends and associates at once and so remained until his death, which I keenly felt and which came as a great shock to me.

When I last saw him, about five weeks before his death, he was in splendid spirits, having just recovered from a temporary illness. He appeared as one who had the assurance of regained health and a long and useful life. He impressed me on that occasion as a supremely happy and contented man. As he appeared at that time no one would have suspected the end of life with him was only a few weeks distant.

I doubt if any Member of this House enjoyed the loyal friendship of his constituency to such a degree as he did. He represented a district with at least three thousand majority opposed to his political faith, and yet despite this large majority in a united party he was elected three times in succession to a seat in this body, when in each race the strongest man the opposition had was pitted against him. This is ample proof of his popularity, his high standing among the people of his district, and the regard in which he was held by them. Because of his attractive personality and strong individuality, men, irrespective of party, were bound to him as with bands of steel. To know him was to admire him; once his friend always his friend.

I have seen men from his district meet him here and greet him with manifestations of fondest regard and affection. At times it was touching to see and hear their manifestations of regard for him. He had a warm place in their hearts, and they were ever ready to show evidence of their confidence in and display their loyalty to him. Here is the explanation for his success at elections, the reason for his strength. His popularity was easily understood when you once knew him. It was earned by his warm and generous nature, his uniform kindness to all with whom he came in contact, his broad and liberal views, courteous conduct, and unselfish disposition.

Generous to the needy, devoted to the welfare of all, he earned and won the confidence of the people he served,

because he served them well, and in him they knew they had a loyal and devoted friend, a champion of their cause.

In life he added to the joys of humanity, and were everyone this day for whom he did some kind service to bring flowers to his grave it would be hidden beneath a mountain of the richest and rarest blossoms.

Life is a short span between the cloud-covered peaks of two eternities. Beyond them we know not. No one has ever heard the voice of one who has journeyed across the perilous divide, and no being has ever returned from the eternal abode to tell of its mysteries; but a sublime faith in the wisdom of our Creator as the great architect of the universe convinces us of the immortality of the soul, and that when freed from the earthly casement which imprisons it here it joins the band of immortals in eternity.

Death is a tragedy. The more impressive was this tragedy in the death of our late colleague because life was so attractive to him. He was in the zenith of his power, and the opportunities for usefulness were opening their various avenues for him to enjoy the rare facilities at his disposal. Before him were opportunities for public service, wherein he could earn great reputation and better the condition of his people who loyally confided in him. But while in the enjoyment of all these pleasing environments, surrounded by his loved ones, enjoying health, in full possession of all his powers, mental and physical, like an assassin in the night, without warning, the messenger of death touched him with his fatal dart and he fell to rise no more.

The kind, gentle voice was hushed, the stalwart man in the fullness of his strength was paralyzed, powerless to rise again, and his earthly career was ended.

In the daily conflicts of life, where man was pitted against man, in daily affairs as they would come and go,

success had crowned his efforts, but when he met the unconquerable foe of life, death, he fell a captive, surrendered to his fate, the same which must sooner or later be the common heritage of us all.

In his demise his constituency have lost a faithful public servant—true, honest, and courageous in the discharge of every public duty; his associates, a most agreeable companion; and his family, an indulgent and loving father and husband; the country, a manly man.

And this his epitaph shall be,
When ended are his days;
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Mr. SPEAKER: Various things bring men into close friendship and confidential relationship in this House—place of birth, residence, similarity of tastes, political faith, committee work, and so forth.

It so happens that I lived for two years in West Virginia and learned to love her people. Consequently I have always cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of her Senators and Representatives. From his first entrance upon this scene Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN and I were close friends, a fact which I most highly appreciate. I found him true as steel, kind, intelligent, firm, affable, and attentive to his public duties. He was a dependable man—not brilliant but dependable, which is far better. Having made up his mind deliberately that a certain course was right, he pursued it without shadow of turning. He could be neither bullied nor coaxed out of it. Such men are the most valuable public servants.

He was grandson of James Brown, an Irish immigrant, who in 1789 settled at Kingwood, in that part of the Old Dominion which subsequently became West Virginia. It is a wonderful State—the Switzerland of America—inestimably rich in natural resources. To this James Brown was born in 1800 a son, Hon. William G. Brown, sr. He enjoyed the peculiar distinction of serving in Congress from two different States—Virginia and West Virginia—though he lived all his life in the same town wherein he was born—Kingwood. So our friend WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., having an Irishman for a grandfather and a Representative in Congress for his father, naturally and inevitably had a penchant for politics, in which he succeeded admirably. The quality of success in him was hereditary. He succeeded in business as well as in politics. Having accu-

mulated a competency by industry, capacity, and honest methods, he concluded to walk in his father's footsteps, which led to this Hall. We are all glad he did so; otherwise we would not have enjoyed the pleasure of knowing him.

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Address of Mr. Russell, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: The most valuable compensation that comes to one who serves in this House is the strong enduring friendships that are formed between him and his colleagues with whom he is intimately associated, and the saddest experiences of our public service is when death suddenly severs the strong ties that have bound us together, leaving only a saddened but a sweet and an unfading memory of the pleasant hours of the past when our common tastes, similar ambitions, and mutual sympathies drew us together as associates and cemented our affections into a bond of undying friendship. Another of these ties has been broken in the death of William G. Brown, Jr.

I did not know my departed friend until he came here five years ago this month as a Member of the Sixty-second Congress. During his five years' service in Congress we lived at the same hotel. Our personal relations were always friendly, sometimes confidential, and to me always delightful.

I have sometimes said in his lifetime, and as it is no discredit to his memory, I repeat now, that he was by nature one of the most genial companions and superb hosts I have ever known. He loved his friends and gave more of his time and means to entertain them than any one of the Members of this House that I have observed. His hospitality was not cold and formal, but genuine and whole-hearted. He illustrated well the teaching of the proverb, "It is better to give than to receive." From many close observations of his generous entertainment of his friends I know I can truthfully say that he considered it a privilege and not a burden to be permitted to extend courtesies to his constituents and others whom he loved.

As a Representative in this House he was industrious, vigilant, and faithful to the constituency that honored and trusted him. In my last conversation with him he thanked me for some little assistance that I had rendered to him in securing a favorable consideration of a special bill he had introduced for the relief of a destitute and deserving old soldier. This only illustrates his earnest desire to serve well even the humblest of those he represented.

I was pained as we all were when we heard that our colleague had passed away, and this House on that day adjourned out of respect to his memory. I was appointed by the Speaker as a member of the committee to attend his funeral at his former home, and did so.

Knowing him here as we did, and appreciating so well his many manly qualities and noble impulses, those of us who accompanied his remains home were not surprised to find that among the people who knew him the longest and the best he was universally respected and devotedly loved by all. The people of his home city in the full realization of the great loss they had sustained spoke grievously of his death and in praise of the many virtues of the distinguished dead, and feelingly of their own personal sorrow.

We often hear repeated the familiar quotation from the Bible, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The thought intended to be expressed is that a man can not reach high places of distinction and honor among those who have known him intimately all the days of his life. I believe there is in a measure some justification for the use of the quotation. New things are often attractive, and strange faces with the mysteries of life behind them sometimes stimulate an imagination of superior virtues and wisdom that may lead to the admiration and approval of the unknown by a confiding public. Upon the other hand we are sometimes prone to overlook or

fail to appreciate the truly great men who have lived their entire lives in our midst. If this familiarity is in fact an obstruction to the successful aspirations and ambitions of men, it was completely overcome by WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr. He and his father before him were born in the little city where he now sleeps in death. He never had any other home; every man, woman, and child there knew him intimately; many of them knew him and observed almost his daily life from the cradle to the grave, and to his eternal credit it may be truthfully said they all respected and loved him. They delighted to honor him in life and they all now revere his memory.

Address of Mr. Mann, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: We are assembled on this bright and beautiful spring day to pay our tribute of affectionate remembrance to one of the best and noblest Members of this Congress.

At the beginning of every Congress the old Members attempt to take the measure of each new Member with whom they come in contact. I noticed Mr. Brown on the floor of the House shortly after he came into the Sixty-second Congress, and was attracted by his many worthy qualities. Several summers ago Mrs. Mann took a cottage up at Deer Park. I used to spend my week ends up there, and on a number of occasions traveled on the train there or from there here with Mr. Brown. We had many very interesting conversations, and I became peculiarly and affectionately attracted to him, because of the sweet qualities he exhibited on those rides, so that I gave more than passing attention to him in the House. I learned that among all the Members of the House there was, I think, no other one with more genial, kindly, capable, earnest, and sincere qualities than Mr. Brown.

A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Mann, and myself, and a number of others of this body and of the Senate, were on our way to Hawaii. We traveled across the continent to San Francisco and from there by boat to Honolulu and around the islands. There were, I believe, in that party 49 Members of the House and Senate, many with their families and some friends. It is on such occasions that we really learn to know the personal side, the tender side, the endearing side of men and women. Mrs. Brown was the life of that party, and I am sure no one in the party was happier and more filled with enjoyment from

day to day than was Mr. BROWN; and the two added so much to our pleasure that they became affectionately regarded by all our hearts.

When the statement came in the House one morning that Mr. BROWN had passed away I felt as though I had lost a brother. He was a Democrat, I was the Republican leader of the House when he came in. It is one of the beautiful features of American politics, particularly exemplified in this House, that the aisle on one side of which sit the Democrats and on the other side the Republicans is not a dividing aisle between the hearts of men. Friendships do not cease at the center aisle. We have on our side of the House just as warm personal friends on the other side as we have on this; and I counted it a great pleasure to know that I on my side could enjoy the friendship of Mr. BROWN, as I believe he enjoyed our friendship from his side. He and I were the same age. He has passed away, just at a time when, probably, it was the hardest for him to go. A man close to 60, he had just become the father of a little daughter. With all the reasons for living that loving pleasure could give, he was stricken down. Yet, Mr. Speaker, I feel, and I presume I will continue for the balance of my life to feel, as though I had lived a full life, and done perhaps that share of work which I might easily have expected would be more than I could complete. He was willing to go if he could have done so without leaving sorrow behind him. I would be willing to go at any time.

Address of Mr. Hayes, of California

Mr. Speaker: It was my pleasure to become acquainted with William G. Brown, Jr., or as he was known universally by the people of his own county, and probably of his district, and by those who knew him familiarly, simply as Junior, when he entered the Sixty-second Congress and received as a Member of this body an assignment for service on the Banking and Currency Committee, of which I was then and am still a member. I was immediately impressed with the ability and versatility that he brought to the discharge of his high duties as a member of that committee and of this House, and with his experience as a man of large business affairs and a banker for many years. His judgment and ideas of the things that should be embraced in legislation were generally, according to my standard, eminently sound and practical. I think one of his most distinguishing characteristics was his absolute loyalty to his own conscience and sense of what was right and best for the people, not only of his district but of the whole country.

As illustrating this I beg to repeat a little instance that occurred during the present Congress at a meeting of the Banking and Currency Committee. I perhaps ought first to say that it is in the sessions of the various committees of the House where Members of this body come best to know each other personally and intimately. The informality of procedure in committee gets men very close together, and they come to know each other's personal peculiarities and characteristics as they could not know them by meeting only on the floor of the House during its sessions. I came very soon to know Mr. Brown as a man most loyal to his obligations as a Member of the

House and to his sense of what was right and proper in legislation.

In the last Congress, in the consideration of the rural credit bill which was then under consideration, Mr. BROWN, upon a very important matter in connection with that legislation, took a strong position in favor of one proposition in the bill and maintained it to the close of the Congress. In this Congress the same matter was again before the Committee on Banking and Currency, and a most exhaustive discussion upon both sides of the proposition was participated in by members of the committee, of course without any regard to politics. At the end of the discussion Mr. BROWN announced to the committee that the discussion had satisfied him that he was wrong in his former attitude on that proposition and that he should vote contrary to what he voted in the last Congress, and when the vote was taken he did so vote.

I regard that, Mr. Speaker, as a very strong indication of the strength and character of our late colleague, Mr. BROWN, and an exhibition of real moral courage which, alas, Members of the House do not always exhibit. Mr. BROWN was a man who would rather be right than to be consistent.

I was appointed a member of the committee which attended the funeral of our late colleague, and I was glad to attend the services which took place in his home town. While in that community I discovered that not only the people of his own town but of the country at large regarded him in a way that any man should be proud to be regarded by his neighbors where he had lived all his life. They regarded him as a personal friend who entered with a sympathetic heart into all their struggles and trials. I am informed he could call them, and even their children, by name, and if disaster came to them he truly sympathized with them in their trouble.

I was advised, and I have no doubt it is true, that in his last will and testament he left directions to his executor that in the distribution and settlement of his estate no man who owed him—and many in his district did—was to be pressed or forced to pay his obligations until he could do so without sacrifice. That exhibited another beautiful and most estimable and praiseworthy element of the character of Mr. BROWN. He sympathized with the community, with his neighbors, and with those with whom he came in contact to an extent that was well-nigh all embracing. I believe such enlightened human sympathy to be one of the most beautiful characteristics of any human life.

Mr. Speaker, such a life as that of our late colleague, which blessed the world with usefulness, geniality, and sympathy, has not ended. It has only been transferred to another sphere of activity and usefulness. Human life is continuous and is not bounded by the few years of our mortal activity here. It reaches not only from the cradle to the grave, but from the cradle to the farthest stretches of eternity. That WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., is just as conspicuous in the great beyond for optimism and all the admirable and lovable traits of his character as he was in this world I have not a doubt, and in the not distant future I expect again to meet him and know him and love him even as I knew and loved him here.

Address of Mr. Heflin, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: It was my pleasure to know and to be intimately associated with W. G. Brown, the distinguished Member of Congress from West Virginia. We come together to-day to pay our tributes of respect and esteem to the character and public services of this fellow Member who has gone, one in whom the elements of gentility and sincerity blended in beautiful form. He was popular as a Member of Congress and loved by all who knew him. He carried in his heart a warm affection for the people who honored him with a seat in this House, and he honored his district with the nobility of his character and by the splendid services that he rendered here. He was an energetic, conscientious, and able Member of Congress, and served his district and the country faithfully and well.

Mr. Speaker, although he had not been in the best of health for the last year or two, yet he was cheerful and bright and happy, carrying sunshine and good cheer wherever he went. He loved life, and he enjoyed it to the full. In his happy home circle he was the ideal husband and father, loving and beloved by his dear ones there. He was a splendid type of American manhood, a patriotic citizen, a loyal friend, and a faithful public servant.

Mr. Speaker, we miss his hearty hand-grasp; we hear no more his cheerful voice; and we see no more his pleasing, winsome smile. He has answered his last roll call, and has fallen asleep in the midst of a happy, busy, and useful life. So in the process of that long and mysterious slumber that must come to us all he has passed into a higher state of living. Just as sleep is necessary to refresh

and build anew the body for life's little day, so is the final sleep necessary in the plans and purposes of immortality, for that bright day that has no night. He has gone the way that we must go when we have done with the clattering discords of time.

Let us remember the many noble traits of his beautiful character. And, Mr. Speaker, let us, who served with him so pleasantly here, emulate his virtues, and so live that when the final sleep shall come to us we will be able to meet it as courageously and as sweetly as did the friend we mourn to-day.

Address of Mr. Saunders, of Virginia

Mr. Speaker: Once more death has found a shining mark, and with relentless stroke quenched the activities of a busy and useful life. Even now it is hard to realize that our colleague is dead. The news that he had been fatally stricken, and that his life hung by a thread that the passing day might sever, came with the sudden and unexpected quality of a lightning flash in a clear sky. Only a night or two before a company of friends had gathered at his house to enjoy the gracious hospitality that he was wont to dispense. They parted with no premonition of impending calamity, no foreknowledge that they would never see their host again in life, or that within a few brief hours his mobile face would be stilled forever in the calm and awful serenity of death. Junior Brown, as he was affectionately styled by his friends, was so full of cheery optimism, his handshake was so cordial, his smile so winning and compelling that he and death seemed things apart. His generous nature rejoiced in the comradeship of his fellows. He radiated sunshine. He was frank, sincere, warm-hearted, sympathetic, tender, and true as steel in all the relations of life. To know him was to love him. Such was the universal testimony of his friends, and they were legion.

Confronted anew with the realization that the grim reaper lurks at every elbow, ready to strike an unexpected blow, we mourn to-day an untimely death, and with his memory still green in our hearts we refuse to be comforted by the reflection that this mortal has put on immortality, and the soul of our comrade has exchanged the limitations of its fleshly tabernacle for the splendors of the temple not made with hands.

But while Junior Brown possessed all those lovable qualities which attracted and constrained the affection of his fellows, he was far more than a sincere, warm-hearted, genial, and agreeable companion and friend. He was every inch a man, strong in character, industrious in habit, austere in integrity, firm, resolute, energetic, and able. He was sound in judgment, keen and sagacious in perception, wise in council, fertile in resource, steadfast in action. He was generous in a large way, but not ostentatious in his charities, keeping ever in mind the injunction that the one hand should not be acquainted with the action of the other. Though born to a fortune, the qualities that I have described enabled our colleague to escape the numbing effect that great wealth as a rule exercises upon its possessors, inaptly described as fortunate. Basking in Fortune's lap and caressed by her smiles, these spoiled darlings are prone to reject the call to higher things, and are often content to see others win the prizes of life while they loll on beds of flowery ease that great riches have provided. Lacking the sharp spur of necessity, they are not moved to strenuous endeavor, or to live laborious days. But our friend was made of sterner stuff. He was not willing to play an ignoble and petty part. As a youth he prosecuted with diligence and success his studies in the schools of his native State and later, in the full flush of vigorous young manhood, he graduated at the University of West Virginia. Admitted early to the bar, he practiced his profession with success until called to the charge of administering the affairs of a great estate.

In time he felt the lure of politics, but his first venture was not successful. Nominated for Congress in a doubtful district, he was defeated in 1896 by Judge Dayton. Later he was nominated in 1910 and was successful. This election established his hold upon the people of his district, and he was elected again in 1912, and still again in 1914.

Had he lived he would have been nominated without opposition for a fourth term and triumphantly elected. Our colleague's chief work in the House, of which he was an esteemed and well-beloved Member, was on the Banking and Currency Committee.

In this work his experience as a banker served him in good stead, and he rendered conspicuous service in the preparation of the Federal reserve act. At the time of his death he was a member of the subcommittee engaged in framing a rural credits bill. For this work his training and experience as an expert banker, and successful man of affairs, conspicuously fitted him, and his premature death was a distinct loss not only to his colleagues with whom he was collaborating, but particularly to the agricultural interests of the entire country. Our comrade was not a frequent speaker in this body, but when occasion demanded he spoke clearly and imperatively, with vigorous emphasis and cogent argument.

While no man was more beloved in the House, this affectionate regard for our deceased friend was equaled, if not surpassed, in the district where he lived and dispensed his generous and unobtrusive benefactions. This regard was abundantly attested by the presence of the vast throng that, undeterred by untoward weather, gathered from every quarter to attend his funeral exercises. For hours an apparently unending stream of sorrowing friends passed by the casket that contained all that was mortal of WILLIAM GAY BROWN, and after one long look at that once mobile face, there stilled in death, turned mournfully away. The room was embowered in flowers. A great orator, speaking of his brother, once said that if everyone who had received some act of kindness at his hands would drop a single flower on his grave he would sleep under a wilderness of blossoms. Appropriately this thought came to my mind when I stood in the room consecrated to death

and saw on every hand, banked high in glorious profusion, the flowers that loving hearts had provided for tender hands to place upon the grave of our friend. The sun was sinking low in the west when we started on our return to Washington, leaving our comrade to sleep among the people whom he knew and loved, and who knew and loved him.

Musing sorrowfully over the experiences of the day, fond memory recalled the lines that have brought comfort to others when oppressed with the solemn mystery of death:

He is not dead, but sleepeth; well we know
The form, that now lies mute beneath the sod,
Shall rise, when time the golden bugles blow,
And pour their music through the courts of God.

Address of Mr. Sutherland, of West Virginia

Mr. Speaker: It is a sad thing for those left behind even when a friend who has reached the utmost limit of old age is called upon to enter "that bourn whence no traveler returns," but when one is stricken down in the full power of his mature manhood, and that friend is one with whom we have been daily associated, and in whose life is combined the elements of essential strength, power, success, and practically everything that makes life full and complete, there is a shock and sense of loss that overpowers us and bids us pause and consider the issues of life. It was a severe shock to the membership of this House, and particularly to his West Virginia colleagues, when, almost without warning, our friend, the late William G. Brown, was stricken. Upon this sad occasion when we are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory I desire briefly, but in sincere affection for the memory of our departed friend, to add my voice to those who at this time are giving testimony to their appreciation of the life, character, and services of Junior Brown, as he was affectionately called by his constituents and friends in West Virginia.

Speaking from a personal acquaintance with my departed colleague of nearly twenty years, I can say in sincerity and in truth that few men in West Virginia have been more beloved for the very best traits of a rugged yet kind and sympathetic manhood than he has been by a large and ever-widening circle of friends. Born and reared among the rugged mountains of West Virginia, he had the strength that comes to the hardy outdoor dweller in the life-giving atmosphere of his native State. He was fortunate in having an ancestry of sturdy pioneers who had likewise lived.

Early in life he formed the resolution to represent his congressional district in Congress, as his father had done, and his successful attainment of that worthy ambition upon three successive occasions as a Democrat in a normally Republican district, after having once many years earlier been defeated, shows the determination of the man and the friendship held for him by his neighbors and friends in the second congressional district of West Virginia.

As the Representative in Congress of that splendid constituency he met the highest expectations of his friends, and as a colleague in the work of this body and a resident of the same congressional district in which he lived, and though of opposite political faith, I can truthfully say that he was always ready and alert to discharge every obligation to his constituents without regard to political lines. I shall always cherish as one of the pleasantest personal friendships I have enjoyed during the Sixty-third and the present Congress the one that I have had the pleasure of enjoying with my deceased friend and colleague, Junior BROWN; and I, in common with all the Members of this House who knew him well, shall always hold in affectionate regard the memory of the strong, useful, upright colleague who has thus suddenly been summoned from among us.

Address of Mr. Candler, of Mississippi

Mr. Speaker: It is with a heart full of sadness that I rise to participate in the services upon this solemn occasion. I met Mr. Brown when he first came to Congress at the beginning of his term in the Sixty-second Congress. From the time when I first met him until the last moment of his life he and I were close and good and affectionate friends. I loved him devotedly, as he loved me, and on many occasions when I had difficult questions confronting me he was the one among all others to whom I went and with whom I discussed these matters, in order that I might arrive at a solution of them which would be just and right.

No man ever had a better friend or a safer counselor than when he had Junior Brown as a friend and counselor in times of difficulty, in times of struggle, in times when it was necessary to exercise the very best judgment and to have wisdom which would lighten up the pathway and lead to a conclusion that was pure, honest, and just.

He was a patriot. He came from a sturdy stock that were pioneers in blazing the way amidst the forests then, that have become fertile fields since; a stock that has brought to us and furnished to us the beauty and the sunlight and the grandeur of the civilization which we enjoy.

We of this generation owe much to those early pioneers. They clung to that which was honest and just and right as between man and man; and in their cabin homes, dotted on the hilltops and sprinkled through the sequestered valleys of this beautiful land of ours, they laid the foundation that has sustained the enduring superstructure of this, the greatest Nation of the world.

It was from stock like this that Junior Brown came, and he was a fit exemplar of the principles which they loved,

because he clung until the end to the same just principles of righteousness and truth which they advocated and ever maintained and sustained with their lives, their property, their possession, in the interest of mankind, and for the glory of this country. That was the kind of a patriot he was. A self-sacrificing, devoted patriot who placed country above self and public welfare above private interest.

His affection, while it went out in all its fullness and tenderness to those by whom he was surrounded in his immediate district and State, was not confined to them alone, but went further; it went to the extremities of this great country; and he loved his country and admired its grandeur and glory, and brought a consecrated devotion to it in the service he rendered in this House, not only for the advancement of the interests of his district and his State, but looking always to the welfare and prosperity of this great Nation as well.

He was not only a patriot, Mr. Speaker, but he was a citizen who measured up to the very highest standard. He had the highest conception of the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship, and he pursued that course, in private and official life, as a citizen of the Republic and of his State and district, that shed brilliancy and brightness everywhere he went.

Do you know that one of the highest conceptions which any man can have in all this world is to aspire to that lofty and high standard exemplified in patriotic American citizenship? I have sometimes said that I believe that the highest position any man can hold in all this country is the position of a true American citizen who, by his life and example and purposes and desires, carries to as near perfection as possible the great purposes of this Nation as exemplified in the bedrock principles upon which it is founded. As such a citizen Junior BROWN sought during all his illustrious career, from his young manhood down

to the day he left us, to erect such a standard and to maintain it among the people who knew him; and he thereby secured their affection and confidence, which was evidenced in their loyalty and devotion to him to the hour of his untimely death. While these characteristics of this great and good man are to be and are supremely admired, still the sweetest and the noblest and the best element of his nature and of his manhood was his devotion, his tender affection to his friends and to his loved ones.

No man could be with him as his friend but could feel the pulsations of his heart that beat in unison with yours if he loved you; and if you were in deed and in truth a sharer in his affection and friendship, you would feel that he stood right beside you, and that you did not have to reach out to determine at any time whether he was there; whether the darkness or the sunshine was round about you, his friendship was extended to you in such force and affection that you always knew, especially if you needed him, that he was there, ready to uphold and sustain you. His devotion to his mother and all his loved ones was sublimely beautiful. Often did he speak of his father, his mother, and his dear ones, and their happiness was his supreme joy.

It was my good fortune to be with him and his family in his home at the last meal, I presume, he ever partook of upon this earth. My wife, my daughter, and myself, with his family, gathered around the table in his home and partook with him of his most delightful hospitality. After dinner he and I went in his library, while my wife and daughter with his wife and sister-in-law and mother-in-law and the sweet babies were in another room. He talked to me about some great public questions which were then pending, showing the earnestness and desire of his heart above everything to do that which was right and best in their solution. That evening as we sat and dis-

cussed them, as he sought from me what little advice I might be able to give him in the solution of them, his face would light up as we studied them and tried to find out that which was best; and when we came to the conclusion which would have been enunciated by his vote upon the following day I shall never forget the happiness which was expressed in his face, in the realization that he believed at least he had arrived at a conclusion that was for the welfare of the people he represented and the glory of his country.

In the fleeting years which may come and go I shall never forget the scene as he went down the steps that night with us when we left his house to the curbstone and placed us in his automobile to send us back to the hotel and stood there with the brightness and gladness and happiness that were expressed in his face as he bade us a cheerful good-night, and then, closing the door, as he turned away, waved his hand and said, "Zeke, I will see you to-morrow." To-morrow did not come with him so as he might meet with me upon this earth. That night he was stricken. The hours went by, and God called him. He responded. His white soul went into the presence of the great God of the universe, through the pearly gates, along the golden streets, and, as I believe, into the mansion prepared for him, eternal in the heavens. To-morrow did not come here, but to-morrow will come in the brightness of the perfect day, and I hope to meet him, and with the glad clasp of his hand and the warmth of his heart and the brightness of his face we shall rejoice together again in the happier day that knows no ending, but which shall roll on through the ages of eternity itself; and in no association which I shall have in yonder world, among all the friends with whom God has blessed me in my career, shall I be happier than with Junior Brown.

He was faithful and true in all the walks of life, as a patriot, a citizen, a public servant, a son, a husband, and father, and it can be said truthfully of him, well done—enter into peace eternal. May God bless, comfort, keep, shield, and protect his dear wife and his little baby and all his loved ones, and may we all by-and-by meet together in the eternal home above, where there shall be no good-byes and no to-morrows, but all be ever present with the Lord in the perfection of happiness and glory in the "Golden City."

Mr. Littlepage took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Address of Mr. Neely, of West Virginia

Mr. Speaker: Death, the ruthless reaper, with icy hand that never tires, and sickle keen that never turns its edge, has severed from earth and earthly things the Hon. William G. Brown, our late distinguished colleague, our willing fellow worker, our loved and loving friend.

While on the mountain top of success, in the very heyday of manhood, while all the tides of life and joy and hope were flowing full and fair, from a home of affluence, love, and peace, he was abruptly summoned to take his journey to that mysterious country from which no man has ever yet returned. Without a murmur and without a moan he passed from the restless land of the living into the silent empire of the dead.

Junior Brown, as he was affectionately called by those who loved him best, was noble, patriotic, generous, able, and just. He faithfully discharged his every official duty, lavishly gave to every meritorious cause, loyally served his country, and sublimely cherished his family and his friends.

His death is a loss to the Nation, a misfortune to his State, and a calamity to his constituents.

Only a little while ago he was one of the most active Members of this House. It seems but an hour since his merry peals of laughter filled the air and the melody of his voice thrilled our hearts with its sweet, seductive strains. But now his seat is vacant, his tongue is silent, and his name is called in vain. In the hush that pervades the sanctuary of our dead we realize that our faithful friend has sailed the sad and solemn sea that separates the narrow shores of time from the boundless kingdom of eternity. He has passed beyond the limits of earthly vision.

His shadowy form can not be seen through the telescopes of science or the tears of grief.

As we stand face to face with the marvelous mystery of death, we are impelled to ask anew the world-old question propounded by the Man of Uz: "If a man die, shall he live again?" But, unlike the afflicted patriarch, we do not inquire in vain. We simply turn from this perplexing question of the Old Testament to find it answered in the New by Him who came fifteen centuries after Job and said: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Thanks to the hallowed hope that springs forever in the Christian breast, we believe that the separation from our beloved one is but for a night and that in the morning we shall meet again. A divinity within whispers with still, small voice in the listening ear of love: "The grave is not the end of all."

In the thought of another: If the everlasting Father condescends to animate with divine power the cold and unresponsive heart of a tiny seed and make it burst forth from its captive cell, to grow into a various fabric of root and vine and flower, will He leave forgotten in the grave the immortal soul of man? If He stoops to give to the humblest plant that clings to cliff or crag the promise of another springtime, will He withhold the pledge of hope from His children when the blasts of winter come? If insensate matter, though changed through the processes of nature into multitudinous forms, can never die, will the spirit of man sink into oblivion when it leaves its lowly house of clay? A million voices answer "No."

In this moment of melancholy our hearts are filled with grief and our eyes are dimmed with tears. "Thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over our spirits," but even now, when earthly help and sympathy seem vain, we look beyond the cloud that hangs above us like

a pall, and there, through faith, we see the star of hope still shining on. In the lustrous light of that constant star we read the assuring promise of the Savior of the world, "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

In this promise we put our trust. While dogmas perish and creeds crumble, while agnosticism decays and atheism dies, we shall continue to lean upon the everlasting arm, believing that the twilight here is but the dawn of a grander day upon some other shore, believing that the feeble flame that flickers here for a little while will at last leap into a bright and shining light when the spirit of man has winged its flight back to Him that gave it birth.

God pity the man who doubts the existence of another life in another land—

> Who hopeless lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play;
> Who hath not learned in hours of faith
> The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own.

We are consoled by the thought that there is no skeptic such as this among those who mourn the loss of him whose memory we commemorate to-day.

In a new-made grave, beneath the stately pines of a West Virginia hill, we have tenderly laid to rest the mortal remains of Junior Brown.

Let us with sacred symbolism strew that grave with flowers. Let us lay with loving hands upon the turf that shields our dead the imperishable amaranth, the fadeless emblem of immortality. Let us wreathe the ivy, the floral metaphor of devoted friendship, the token of brotherly love, above his silent dust. And upon the mournful mon-

ument that marks the tongueless tomb in which our departed calmly awaits the purple dawn of the resurrection morning let us inscribe that beautiful supplication:

> Warm southern sun, shine kindly here;
> Warm southern wind, blow softly here;
> Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
> Good night, dear heart, good night, good night.

Address of Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina

Mr. Speaker: Under the impression until a short time ago that these ceremonies were to take place next Sunday instead of to-day, I am here unprepared to do justice to the dead friend whose life and character we commemorate to-day. And yet so great was my admiration, so strong was my friendship, and so warm my attachment for our deceased colleague that if I did not utter some word of tribute upon this occasion I should feel myself disloyal to a memory which I revere and honor.

I knew Mr. Brown well. Perhaps I was one of the first of the older Members whom he met after his election to Congress. I shall always recall with much interest and a great deal of pleasure our first meeting. It was one morning in the short session of the Sixty-first Congress, just after he had been elected to the House at the preceding November election. I was sitting alone on a davenport, looking down the lobby aisle behind the Speaker's desk, when I saw a Capitol guide and a gentleman coming along, the guide telling the history of this Speaker and that Speaker, as he pointed to their portraits on the wall. I watched this stranger gentleman. His manner and demeanor were so polite, so courteous, so genteel, and the lines of his face were marked with such strength of character and mind, and his countenance so full of affability and geniality that I said to myself, "That is more than an ordinary man." I sat there until the guide came along to the portrait of the Speaker above my seat, where they stopped. I looked carefully at this man, then a stranger to me, and I was convinced then that he was more than an ordinary man. After the guide had finished telling him about the life and character of the Speaker above me I struck up a little conversation. About that

time the Doorkeeper announced that the lobbies should be cleared. The guide said, "We must leave now." I then said, "My friend, where are you from?" He answered, "I am from West Virginia." I then asked his name. He replied, "BROWN is my name." I said, "You are not this Democratic BROWN that carried a rock-ribbed Republican district over here in West Virginia in the last election?" "Yes; I am the man," said he. I said, "You do not need this guide." I then told the guide to turn Mr. BROWN over to me; that I would be his pilot a while. I explained to him that he was entitled to the floor and escorted him into the House cloakroom, where I introduced him to dozens of Members, some of whom I see around me now. From that day until his death BROWN and myself were close, intimate friends. He attracted me at once. There was that indescribable something about him which, for lack of a better name, we call personal magnetism. He possessed it in a preeminent degree. I never knew a person, man or lady, who ever met Mr. BROWN that was not attracted by him. He won you to him. You could not help admiring him; you could not help being attached to him.

BROWN was one of the most unassuming, unintruding men I ever saw. You will remember that in the Sixty-second Congress, to which he was first elected, the system of appointing committees had been changed; the power to appoint had been taken out of the Speaker's hands and given directly to the House, through the recommendation of the majority members of the Ways and Means Committee in the first instance, to the majority caucus so far as concerned the Democratic Members, and then by the caucus recommending to the House for election. Practically all the new Democratic Members had applied to the Ways and Means Committee for committee assignments. In looking over the applications for the com-

mittee assignments I found that Brown had made no application. We majority members of the Ways and Means Committee had an understanding that we would make no promises to any Member as to assignments. One day while with Brown I was tempted to break the rule a little, and I said, "Brown, you have not made application for a committee assignment." He said, "No; I just leave it to you gentlemen; I am willing to serve anywhere you put me." I said, "I can not promise you anything, but tell me to which committee you had rather be assigned; on what committee do you think you could give better service?" He then replied, "Since you ask me, I would prefer the Banking and Currency Committee."

I recall, too, that when we reached the Banking and Currency Committee for its make-up I presented his name. He was unanimously nominated by the committee and afterwards unanimously elected by the House. We made no mistake. He measured up to every requirement of an able, wise, diligent member of that great and important committee.

One day Brown was in my office, when a friend from North Carolina came in. In introducing Brown to him, I said, "Here is one of God's noblemen." I had said it before, and I say it now, Brown was really one of God's noblemen, and, as the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Cullop] said to-day, he was a real prince among men. He was a wise counselor. He did not take that active part in debates on the floor that some do, but when you talked with him in the committee room or in his office or in the cloakroom about any matter you would get as good and wise judgment and conclusion from him as you would from any man. He had a balanced judgment; he had one of the most genial, lovable, and affable temperaments I ever saw, and it never betrayed him. He was a well-rounded, perfect gentleman. That was the impression he made

upon me when I first caught a glimpse of him in the corridor. He reminded me of what we call in our country an "old-time Southern gentleman." He was not an old man, but in his courteous, genteel, and gracious manner and appearance he seemed to typify our conception of the "Southern gentleman." I have served with few men in this House for whom I had a warmer affection. I suppose, outside of his committee colleagues in the Capitol, I was with him while in the Capitol as much as any man in the House. I was always charmed when I was with him. I left him with a delight and a sprightliness and cheerfulness of mind and temper that I did not have before. He could shake hands and look a man in the eye with more genuine sincerity and geniality than any other man I have met in Congress. My friends, as poor as has been my offering, I felt I could not miss this opportunity to pay a tribute to his memory and give my estimate of this fine and splendid gentleman, and wise and patriotic legislator, which his district, State, and Nation, as well as the House, have lost in his death.

ADDRESS OF MR. BYRNES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune to come to this House at the same time as did my good friend Mr. BROWN of West Virginia. We were both appointed to serve on the Banking and Currency Committee, and in the Sixty-second Congress we were appointed to a subcommittee to investigate the so-called Money Trust. That investigation continued for nearly a year, during which time Mr. BROWN and myself were together almost daily, and I learned to know him and to love him. The members of that committee soon learned the ability of our deceased friend, and his experience in the banking world was of great value to us during that investigation. He was a wise counselor and a zealous, indefatigable worker. The investigation conducted by that subcommittee contributed in great meaure to the sentiment which made possible the Federal reserve act passed in the Sixty-third Congress. Mr. BROWN, as a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, also participated in the forming of this Federal reserve act, to-day recognized as a piece of constructive legislation.

To few men is it given to possess the happy faculty of making friends and holding them as did our deceased friend. He loved his friends and was ever at their service. I presume that he knew intimately as many Members of this House as any other man, and among them all he had not one enemy. I recall that upon the last occasion I saw him he had gathered about him at the hotel at which we resided 11 of his constituents. To them he introduced me, and from them I quickly learned that he possessed the affection of those whom he represented just as he did ours. Happy as he was that evening as he dispensed his generous hospitality to his friends from home,

little did I dream that within a few short days death would claim him. His was a lovable character. He brought sunshine to many, and sorrow into the life of no man. He is dead, but his memory lives, and will ever live in the hearts of those who knew him.

Address of Mr. Taylor, of Arkansas

Mr. Speaker: In the great Allegheny Mountains of West Virginia, one time old Virginia, at the town of Kingwood, in the year 1856 a man child was born, and they named him William G. Brown, Jr. From the day of his birth to the day of his death he walked under the shadow of the brow of our great Master as a charitable, chivalric, upright, honorable man. His ancestors were of the old Virginia stock. When Mr. Brown grew to young manhood he became a lawyer and at the same time a business man, and so conducted himself among the people with whom he lived that they not only honored and loved him but sent him to the Congress as their Representative as a Democrat, although his district was Republican.

Mr. Brown was one of the first Members with whom I became acquainted when I entered the House. He so impressed me by his kindly manners that I even remember where I first met him. He was standing just over there, Mr. Speaker, in the doorway of the Speaker's lobby, where we were introduced to each other. I shall never forget the warm and hearty greeting he tendered me and at the same time offering to do whatever he could for me as a new Member. As time passed on we grew to be very close friends. Soon after this we were walking together from the Capitol over to the House Office Building, when he said: "Everybody at home calls me Junior; what is your first name?" I replied, "Sam." He then remarked, "From now on I want you to allow me to call you Sam and I want you to call me Junior"; and this we did.

The Speaker of the House appointed me, among others, to attend the funeral of our departed friend at Kingwood, where he was born and where his body is peacefully sleep-

ing in the beautiful cemetery of that little city among the great mountains of West Virginia. When at Kingwood I heard nothing of his life from his fellow citizens but praises touching the big-heartedness of this lovable man. When we arrived on the train at Kingwood our committee was conducted to a hotel to wait for the funeral services. A young man of that community was at the hotel and approached me, introducing himself, said, "Did you know Mr. BROWN?" I said, "Yes; he was my friend," and I asked him if he knew him. He replied, "Yes; I have known Mr. BROWN all the days of my life. He was a friend of our family. My father is yet living, and I have five grown brothers, and all of us always supported Mr. BROWN." I then said, "Of course, you come of a Democratic family." He replied, "Oh, no, sir; we are Republicans; but we could not have been induced to cast a vote against our friend, Mr. BROWN. He was so kind and good to all of our people that we could not think of casting a vote against him. Whenever his name was on the ticket we let politics go to the wind."

Leaving this young man at the hotel, I walked alone upon the streets of Kingwood, and after a while met an old man with long, gray beard, standing in the snow, and, speaking to him, I said, "Do you live here?" "No," he said, "I live about 50 miles from this town. I am here to-day to look for the last time into the cold, still face of one of the best men that ever lived, my long-time friend, Junior BROWN."

You could see upon the face and in the eyes of this old man that his heart was bleeding with grief over the loss of his friend. He had come over the mountains and through the snow and over the rough hills to be present at the funeral service of this distinguished man. His words spoke volumes to me touching the life and character of poor Junior BROWN. He knew that a great man had fallen, that a friend of the people had passed from the earth. In further

conversation the old gentleman said, "You do not know what Mr. BROWN was to our people and how we loved him." I listened intently to the words of this dear old man, who, continuing, said: "Stranger, to show you something of the character of Mr. BROWN I will relate an incident which came under my observation. One day Mr. BROWN was passing from his office by the courthouse over there, and, being attracted by a crowd of people who had gathered in front of the courthouse door, he observed that the sheriff was selling at execution sale a horse. Mr. BROWN walked into the crowd and asked whose horse was it that was being sold. Some one informed him that it belonged to 'that old man standing over there.' Mr. BROWN walked over to the owner and asked, 'Can you not pay the debt?' The old man answered, with a distressed face, 'No, sir; I have no money with which to pay it. The debt is a just one, and now they are selling my horse to pay it.' 'Have you other horses?' asked Mr. BROWN. The old man answered, 'No; this is the only one I have.' At once big-hearted Mr. BROWN became a bidder, and became the highest bidder and purchaser of the horse. Taking the horse by the bridle, he walked over to the old man and said to him: 'Here, take him and go home. God bless you! You now have your horse back, and if anyone undertakes to take him away from you, let me know.'"

Instances of this sort were referred to and mentioned to nearly every Member of the House in the funeral party as to Mr. BROWN'S charitable soul. Surely, Mr. Speaker, God smiled when he saw this charitable deed of Mr. BROWN in purchasing the horse and delivering him to the good old man. I will not speak longer. I feel more like silence than words. Members have spoken this afternoon kindly and beautifully on the life, the character, and public services of our deceased friend. Words are but empty things on occasions like this.

We are told that "charity is the paramount virtue; all else is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Surely, Mr. Speaker, these words apply to the great man who rests near the spot where he was born and where he was laid by hundreds of devoted and loving friends. The funeral service was conducted in the house where he was born. On the walls hung the painting of his great distinguished father and his sainted mother, whom he loved so devotedly and whom he so often mentioned. The parlors and halls were filled with charming floral offerings from schools, churches, and lodges, and from the rich and the poor, and in the midst of these on the stairway over the body of our deceased friend stood a man of God, who among other things said: "Our friend is gone." At this expression tears gushed from the eyes of all present, and it made me know that the preacher had spoken directly from the hearts of his people.

I had a great affection for Mr. BROWN. I could not help it. I have often wondered whether this good man had an enemy in the world. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Kitchin] a few moments ago said that the deceased was one of the most likeable men he ever knew. These words were fitly spoken, because everybody who was acquainted with the late Member of this House knew that Mr. Kitchin spoke the truth. I hope, my friends, that when the heart of Junior BROWN ceased to beat in the city of Washington that his great big loving soul plumed its wings for everlasting and eternal flight to that blessed land where the storm never drifts its darkness and where the sun never goes down.

Address of Mr. Cooper, of West Virginia

Mr. Speaker: In the measurement of time I knew the Hon. William G. Brown, Jr., but a scant four months.

In the measurement of a friendship offered at once without reserve and accepted with an open-hearted desire, it seems to me incredible that we knew each other and were on such friendly terms for so brief a space of time.

This illustrates to my mind a prominent and important characteristic of the man which contributed largely to his remarkable success as a politician and in other channels in which the currents of his life flowed. His nature was such that he promptly accepted an acquaintance as a friend, without suspicion or reserve, and left it to time and events to write their judgment upon his trust in his fellow man.

It is given to comparatively few men to meet their fellows with a geniality, an interest, and an affection such as our departed colleague's personality radiated.

It was a natural gift bestowed upon him.

There was no strained effort, no pose, no artificiality about him in his relations with others. Happiness seemed ever to be singing its joyous song in his heart, and in his smiling eyes, hearty handclasp, and cheery greeting others could catch the strain and echoes of its music and feel the happier therefor.

Add to these traits of sunny disposition the sterling qualities of a strong character and it is plain to be seen why it was that in the counties of the second district, in a part of West Virginia where our civilization and enlightenment in the mass attain their highest perfection, William G. Brown was held in such great esteem and affection that, although a large majority of the people opposed his

political principles and his political party, they waived aside their opposition time and again and honored him with election to this House.

There is no tribute to his memory, however beautifully it may be written nor however eloquently it may be spoken, that can equal the bare statement of that fact.

In the death of our colleague we on this side of the House have no revision to make at his tomb of our opinions of him as a friend and coworker.

There are no estimates of him to change nor no regrets to express over judgments we held of him when he was living.

What we are here saying to-day in memory of him we could have said and did say to others of and about him when he was here in the flesh.

Although our political ways lay along different routes, there was not petty and narrow-minded partisan feeling between us.

Such as that never entered in the relations of Congressman BROWN with either his Republican colleagues here in this Chamber or in his relations with his Republican constituents.

Many of his views on public questions, but by no means all of them, were opposite to ours.

We did not question his sincerity, no more than he doubted the honesty of our convictions.

He was too broad-minded a statesman, too honorable a gentleman, and too devoted a friend for that.

On the contrary, it was no uncommon occurrence for some of us to seek discussion for the purpose of getting his viewpoint, frequently his counsel and advice; and it is a tribute to his high qualities of mind and heart that he could and did rise above all thought of partisan association and advantage and, placing himself in our position, gave us the benefit of his ripened judgment and greater congressional experience.

Mr. Speaker, I leave it to others more competent than I am and more familiar with the events involved to take up step by step the progress of this man as shown in the biography of his successful and well-lived life.

Under the circumstances of an all too brief friendship it is appropriate for me to weave my wreath to lay upon the altar of his beloved memory out of the impressions he made upon my heart and upon my mind.

They were everlasting impressions. I shall never forget them.

They have helped me here in my short time as a Member, and I am sure that they will help me and be ever a pleasant and an inspiring memory till the end of my time upon earth.

To William Gay Brown time is no more; it is eternity.

There is no calendar there; no days, no nights; no season coming and going; no reckoning by months and years.

The sun goes no more down, but is ever in meridian.

It is one infinite now—one eternal consciousness.

While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Address of Mr. Davenport, of Oklahoma

Mr. Speaker: We have assembled to-day to pay our last respects and to do honor to the memory of a comrade who has fallen on the battle field of life's uncertain and great struggle; we mourn his loss and cherish his memory; we delight and love the recollection of his kindness and friendship; and we honor the high character, the sterling courage, and the purity of purpose that was so eminently portrayed in the life of our departed colleague. I ask no higher privilege and find no sweeter duty than the right to express my pleasant remembrance of our departed colleague, William G. Brown, Jr. He was born in Virginia, in that section of the State that afterwards became a part of West Virginia, and grew to manhood in the county of his birth.

When he reached the years of maturity he selected as his profession and life's calling the law and in his chosen profession rose to a high standing amongst the members of the bar of his native State. Not only was he a lawyer of renown and prominence, but he became a first-class, successful business man, and so demeaned himself among the people with whom he transacted business that they imposed implicit confidence in his business ability, honesty, and integrity, that he was honored by his people to represent them in this Hall, where he made them a useful and honest Representative to the hour of his death.

William G. Brown, Jr., or Junior Brown, as he was known by his friends, came to the House at the beginning of the extra session of the Sixty-second Congress. It was my pleasure to meet him shortly after the session begun. We lived in the same hotel the greater part of the time, and I was with him in the lobby and around the hotel, where I had the opportunity to see his real character and

the true nature of the man. He was kind, affable, polite, and gentle, having for everyone a pleasant smile, a kind word, and a gentle and happy greeting. In the committee room, in the House, or in private life, he possessed self-control, and exhibited that kindly spirit which made him a lovable companion, a wise counselor, and a dangerous antagonist. His friends loved him, and his acquaintances sought his company.

It was also my pleasure to be with him and his wife for eight weeks last year, on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and while on that trip I had the opportunity to see him, the real man, and study his character. Many happy hours we spent together, and it was on that trip that I saw the true nature and lovable spirit of our departed colleague displayed. He was always ready and willing to accede to the wishes of others and make any self-sacrifice that would tend to make others happy. I learned him as he was, and having learned him as I did, I learned to love him. He was a devoted husband and father, always ready and willing to grant the request of his dear wife and children and to do all in his power to make them enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

In the House he was universally liked, and in every relation of life he was honored and respected. He was in the truest sense a patriot, loving his country and its institutions, and devoted to the happiness and welfare of all classes of its people. He extended friendship to the needy and never oppressed anyone. He was broad-minded and incapable of a meanness, and filled with love and kindness for his neighbor and friend. Truly, such a life as he lived did not end when death came. Let us believe that it was the beginning of a higher and broader existence in the world beyond, and that the earthly activities of our departed colleague and friend were but the prelude to a life of greater beauty, of grander aspirations, and of nobler

achievements. He died at his post of duty; his character was strong; his standard lofty. He left us the good example of his life, and to his family he left the heritage of a good name.

When Earth's last picture is painted,
  And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
  And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
  Lie down for an æon or two;
Till the Master of all good workmen
  Shall set us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us,
  And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
  And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
  And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
  For the God of Things as They Are!

Address of Mr. Ashbrook, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: I feel it my duty to pay a brief tribute to the memory of my good friend, William G. Brown, Jr., of West Virginia. The greatest reward of service here is the opportunity afforded to help those who need help, to brighten the pathway of others, and the lasting friendships gained by our daily associations in this Chamber, in the committees, and our social relations. I knew our friend well. I had high admiration for him. He was one of the most companionable men I ever knew. There was nothing petty or mean in Junior Brown. Frank, unostentatious, generous, cheerful, courteous, ever seeking an opportunity to do something for his friends, never imposing upon them, big hearted, optimistic, considerate, kind, and true as steel. These were some of the many good qualities of our friend who was so ruthlessly called to his reward.

It is surprising when we stop to reflect how many Members have been summoned hence during the past 10 years. We can truly say, "Few know so many friends alive as dead." When younger than I am to-day I recall hearing my best friend, my mother, now with the pure in heart, sadly say, "The most of my friends sleep on yon hill." As we reach and pass middle life this sad fact becomes true to all. Our most priceless possessions are the memories of those who were near and dear in life. We love, then, to recount their good deeds and acts of kindness. In my list of friends worth while and no longer here I will ever prize and cherish my acquaintance with Junior Brown.

When his death was announced it scarce seemed possible that it was true. Less than a week previous I saw him at my hotel, seated as host at a dinner table with a

dozen or more of his constituents, gay and happy as he always was when he had the opportunity to entertain his friends. A week later a little mound covered his mortal remains in his home-town cemetery. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death.

The life, character, and public services of WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., have already been exemplified by others more capable than I am. It avails naught to now praise or misstate fact. I could not pay a higher tribute than to say that those who knew him best loved him most. I am glad that I knew him. His life is an inspiration to me. He did not live for self alone. He freely shared his prosperity with those less fortunate, and the honors heaped upon him did not exalt him in his own estimate of himself. He was always and to the end a splendid specimen of what man should be—lovable, courageous, generous, and high minded.

Mr. LITTLEPAGE. Mr. Speaker, I present a resolution adopted by the West Virginia Society of the District of Columbia, and ask unanimous consent that it be incorporated in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from West Virginia [Mr. Littlepage] presents a resolution which was adopted by the West Virginia Society of the District of Columbia with respect to Mr. BROWN, and asks that it be incorporated by unanimous consent in the Record. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Following is the resolution referred to:

Gen. W. W. Scott, first vice president of the West Virginia Society of the District of Columbia, presented the following memorial at a meeting of the society Friday evening, April 7, 1916, at Pythian Temple, Washington, D. C., which was unanimously adopted, spread upon the minutes of the society, and a copy transmitted to the widow of the deceased:

"Mr. President and members of the West Virginia Society: On March 9, 1916, WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., a Member of Congress from the second congressional district and a member of the West Virginia Society, died in this city.

"Mr. BROWN was born at Kingwood, Va. (now West Virginia), April 7, 1856, in the same place where his father was born in 1800. He obtained his education in the common schools of the State and at the university, and at an early age was admitted to the bar and practiced the profession of law and engaged in the banking and farming business up to the time of his death at the age of 60.

"In Mr. BROWN'S death the State has lost a true citizen and eminent statesman, and those who knew him a loyal friend. One of Mr. BROWN'S characteristics was his loyalty and faithfulness to his friends, and it is doubted if any man ever lived who loved the friendship of his fellow men more than did Mr. BROWN; and no one, either in public or private life, could count so many friends as could 'Junior' BROWN, as he was lovingly known by his friends throughout the length and breadth of his State.

"Those who knew 'Junior' BROWN well know of a tender side he had to his character and which was irresistible to everyone with whom he came in contact, for

"'None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'"

HENRY S. BAKER,
President.
WM. T. GEORGE,
Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. KITCHIN. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 56 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, April 17, 1916, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *February 26, 1917.*

The committee informally rose; and Mr. Houston having taken the chair as Speaker pro tempore, a message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate express its profound sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

Also:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Finley, Mr. Tribble, Mr. BROWN, and Mr. Moss the Senate do now adjourn.

THURSDAY, *March 9, 1916.*

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., Member of the House of Representatives from the second congressional district of West Virginia, died a few hours ago at his residence in this city. He had been a Member of the House since 1911, and was the oldest in service of the membership of that body from my State.

To me this is a personal bereavement; to my State and his district it is a signal loss; and when I think of his dependent family and his circle of devoted friends at home I fail to find words to express the depths of my sympathy. He was an able, earnest, effective man and public servant, a reliable friend, a public-spirited citizen, and a devoted husband and father.

At some future time I shall ask the Senate to set apart a day when appropriate memorial services may be held that his friends here may express their appreciation of his public and private life.

I now offer the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask for their immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Representative from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of 10 Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the provision of the second resolution the Chair appoints, as the committee on the part of the Senate, Mr. Chilton, Mr. Underwood, Mr. James, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. Goff, Mr. Gallinger, Mr. Cummins, and Mr. Clapp.

Mr. CHILTON. I also offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, March 10, 1916, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FRIDAY, *February 2, 1917.*

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I wish to give notice that on Saturday, the 24th of February, I will ask the Senate to take appropriate action upon the life and character of the late WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., and the late Hunter H. Moss, Jr., Representatives from West Virginia in Congress, who have died during the present session.

WEDNESDAY, *February 21, 1917.*

Mr. KERN. The Senator from West Virginia [Mr. Chilton] gave notice that on Saturday, the 24th instant, he would ask the Senate to take action touching the life,

character, and public services of the late Representative WILLIAM G. BROWN and the late Representative H. H. Moss, of West Virginia. Later the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Tillman] gave notice that he would ask the Senate on the same day to take action regarding the death of the late Representative Finley.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. If the Senator will pardon the Chair, it is desired that he shall ask that the service also include memorial addresses upon the late Representative Tribble, of Georgia.

Mr. KERN. I will also include memorial addresses on the late Representative Tribble, of Georgia. The Senators I named asked me to request unanimous consent that the Senate meet on Sunday, the 25th instant, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to consider resolutions on the death of these deceased Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

Mr. JONES. What was the request?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The request was that the Senate hold memorial services for certain deceased Members of the House of Representatives on Sunday, the 25th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Without objection, it is so ordered.

SUNDAY, *February 25, 1917.*

The Senate reassembled at 2 o'clock p. m., on the expiration of the recess.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House of Representatives on the death of the late Representative BROWN, of West Virginia, be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Member of this House from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Secretary will read the resolutions.

The Secretary read the resolutions (S. Res. 375), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate expresses its profound sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. WILLIAM G. BROWN, Jr., late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Chilton, of West Virginia

Mr. President: This day has been set apart as a time upon which to pay a tribute of love and respect on the part of the Senate of the United States to the late William Gay Brown, Jr., who, at the time of his death, on the 9th day of March, 1916, was a Member of the House of Representatives, serving his third term in that body. He was born on the 7th day of April, 1856, at Kingwood, then in the State of Virginia, now a county of West Virginia. His father, William Gay Brown, sr., was born in the year 1800 at the same place, and his grandfather, James Brown, originally from Ireland, came over the mountains from Pennsylvania and settled at the same point in 1789. The elder William G. Brown was elected to Congress in 1845, 1847, and again in 1861 and 1863, and was a member of the Virginia convention in 1861, at Richmond. His mother was Miss Gay, who lived to see her distinguished son a Member of Congress. She was a very remarkable woman. She was a peculiar combination of strong business qualities with all of the motherly tenderness, ever retaining the love of home and exhibiting a tender care of her family. It is well known that our deceased friend often referred to the fact that his father had been a Member of Congress and the ambition of his mother that he should likewise become a Member as the controlling reasons for his entering politics. Anyone who knew the mother and had studied the strong qualities of his father would naturally come to the conclusion that a strong, virile man like our

deceased colleague would inevitably be stimulated by the two inspirations, one the father's success, the other the mother's love and ambition. Thus we find that early in life he resolved to overcome the adverse political majority which confronted him, and he never was satisfied until he gratified his mother's ambition and followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father to the Halls of Congress. He was married in 1883 to Miss Jessie Thomas, of Tyrone, Pa., who died in 1886. By this marriage there was one child, Mrs. Robert L. Brown, of Kingwood. In 1902 he married Miss Flora B. Martin, who died in September, 1912. On December 6, 1914, he was married to Miss Izetta Jewel Kenney, of Babylon, Long Island, N. Y., who survives him with an infant daughter, 1 year of age.

He was educated in the common schools of West Virginia and then attended the university of his native State, at Morgantown, where he graduated in the class of 1877 and at once entered upon a business, professional, and public career which was full of success, achievement, and honor. While at the university he was a roommate of his cousin, the late J. P. Dolliver, afterwards United States Senator from Iowa. In fact, during a part of the time that he was at the university he boarded at the house of Dolliver's father, and the two young men were congenial relatives, as well as inseparable friends. This friendship lasted till Senator Dolliver's death, and he had no warmer friend and more ardent admirer than Mr. BROWN.

The splendid old county of Preston, where he was born, has produced many distinguished men. It might be well content with the honor of the two Browns and the great Dolliver, but it can boast of still others. Maj. Gen. M. I. Ludington, retired, who was Quartermaster General during the Spanish-American War; James C. McGrew, who was elected to Congress from the second district in 1868 and 1870, and declined a third term; Maj. Gen. Godwin,

now retired; Hon. P. J. Crogan, one of the really great lawyers of the two Virginias; the late William M. O. Dawson, who was for many years the leader of his party and was governor of his State, and who died within a few days after the death of Mr. Brown, are among the distinguished men whom this mountain county of West Virginia produced. It is neither a back nor a backward county. It is wild only in the Switzerland-like beauty of its mountains, valleys, green forests, brooks, and rivers. Here the brook leaps and bounds over precipice and bowlder, making a symphony of waterfall and a cantata of gurgling rill and sweeping stream; the high mountains, the gigantic forests, the broad valleys, and the deep jungle are sometimes the frame, then the picture, as the sun and cloud shift the kaleidoscope for man's pleasure and inspiration. Beauty, grandeur, power, and repose stimulate the imagination and beckon to healthy pursuits and noble aspirations.

Beneath the surface are found the well-known seams of West Virginia coal and oil and gas. Nature has indeed been prodigal. The soil yields the cereals, the mountains the timber, the bowels of the earth give up the coal, oil, and gas; but man in his quest has never succeeded in destroying the grandeur of its valleys, the never-failing perfume of the mountain flowers, the music of the rushing waters, nor the harmony of sunshine, waterfall, mountain, valley, and river. The railroads have come, and with them the towns, the factories, the busy shops, the mines, the oil derrick, the gas and oil pipe lines, but these have but made a frame to the picture or a contrast to bring out the inspiring beauty and grandeur of nature's work. Wealth has come, and with it the fine homes, large buildings, and factories, but everywhere in Preston County there is still beauty, flowers, and grandeur. It is still the place wherein strong men are reared; it is a place

where tired man loves to resort and where the vigor of nature seems to be communicated to the human being. Here he was born and educated and spent his life, and both the man and the life typified the same variety of strength, ruggedness, power, beauty, repose, and usefulness. Nature kissed him and called him blessed, as it had his birthplace and home.

The elder Brown left to his family not only the heritage of a well-spent life in his professional business and public career, but also substantial property in bank stock, farms, live stock, and valuable securities. Our deceased friend was not compelled to work, but he did. He had ample without practicing law, but he entered upon his profession with the same vim that is expected from one who is forced to earn his own living.

In addition to this, he took charge of his father's immense business affairs and made a success of every one of them. He improved the farms, managed the banks, and conducted the business with eminent success. He was a typical, all-around West Virginian. He was a lawyer, farmer, banker, and publisher. He had a good law practice, managed several farms, was president and director of one bank and interested in others, and published an influential newspaper. He attended the bar associations, the farmers' meetings, the bankers' conventions, and the newspaper men's organizations. To all of them he brought original thought, hearty cooperation, active and intelligent participation, and always good cheer. Everyone was glad when he came and sorry when he left. He permitted no social demands to cause him to disappoint his business associates, and yet he never allowed his immense and varied business and professional occupations to so absorb him as to diminish or destroy his interest and pleasure in every social function. In dress suit or overalls, he was nothing less, nothing more than Junior BROWN,

always 100 per cent efficient, always approachable, never unreasonable, and while ever persistent and earnest in doing his tasks, he was never dogmatic nor arbitrary with friend or foe. I sometimes think that he literally wore himself out in his efforts to attend to his private business without neglecting a single official duty and at the same time endeavoring to listen and respond to every appeal to his big heart from those in distress.

His colleagues in the House know that he was a faithful attendant upon the sessions of the House, and yet he and his secretary kept an automobile going practically all the time in running to the departments looking after the requests and inquiries which came to him from the people of his district. No one will ever know the extent of his bounty, the cases of distress which he relieved, the boys and girls whom he helped educate, the friends he relieved in a quiet way, and the thousands of acts of charity which he did in a true Christianlike spirit. Enough have been known to show that it was practically impossible for him to turn away from distress. He loaned money where there was practically no chance of ever having it returned. He helped friends who became embarrassed with trust funds with no hope of reward except that consciousness within, which brings inestimable treasures to the soul. His big heart did not inquire into the details of the cases of distress. The straitened sufferer who went to him received no lectures upon economy nor the rules of health. He had learned that hunger is hunger, no matter what chain of circumstances had made the human being its victim. With him heartache was as hard to bear alone when the victim's fault contributed to it as it was when no one was to blame. The old soldier, his family and children were as much the recipient of Junior BROWN'S benevolent bounty as they were of his unceasing care and attention in the Halls of Congress. Truly he went about

his tasks spreading sunshine to his fellow man, mingling good cheer, charity, and kindness with practicing law, farming, banking, publishing, and congressional duties. He built and improved, advised and helped. He trusted humanity as he wanted it to trust him; made friends because he knew how to be a friend; accomplished things because he had a well-trained mind and a ready hand; met difficulties with a strength and directness that beat down opposition. He lived in the world as it is but never neglected an opportunity to make it better. He had lofty ideals and dreamed even the poet's dreams without any diminution of his efficiency. He was a lifelong Democrat, never failing to contribute of his means to his party's success. Although he lived always in a county that was largely Republican, he and his newspaper always kept Democracy to the front and never yielded anything in principle for temporary success.

When he carried his county in his race for Congress every Republican who voted for him knew that he was voting for a Democrat who believed in Democratic principles and would vote for those principles, as he understood them, in the Halls of Congress. They voted for him because they knew that he would not deceive them, and because they believed that in the thousands of things outside of politics he had worked and would continue to work indefatigably for every man in the county as his friend. His strong personality, his beautiful character, his healthy life, his devotion to his mother, his successful business and professional career, his lively interest in all religious, social, and economic movements; his open, frank, and sensible course in every emergency had impressed the people of his county, and the voters broke political ties and voted for him, meaning thereby to honor and trust their distinguished citizen and personal friend. After he had served his people one term and had begun to know the district the same high opinion in which he was

held in his county became general, and it was perfectly evident that no man in that district could defeat him, whatever might be the political issues. He was strong because he was able, candid, earnest, faithful, useful, and good.

I first met "Junior" Brown, as he is known all over West Virginia, when he and I were very young. The friendship then formed grew closer and firmer until the day of his death. I entered the Senate when he entered the other House of Congress, and we were almost constantly together, socially and officially. I know of his devotion to the people of West Virginia, and especially to the people in his district and his county. He never tired of serving them as a whole or as individuals. He worked night and day for their interests, and there never was a more faithful, hard-working, capable Member of Congress than he. He was fair, frank, and noble in every relation of life.

There is an amusing and a touching incident which illustrates both the character of Junior Brown and also proves that the child is very apt to foreshadow the man. I have referred to the fact that the late Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, was the cousin of Junior Brown, and that they were children together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. Dolliver's parents were poor, and the first years of that great man's life in the mountains of West Virginia were spent amidst surroundings which, while in every way respectable, were far from luxurious. On the other hand, the young Brown's parents were well-to-do. He had everything that a boy could reasonably want and was always the object of the most tender solicitude of his fond parents. On one occasion when the two boys were scheduled to attend some function together young Brown's parents insisted upon his wearing shoes, which he put on, and started for the party or picnic, or whatever it was; but knowing that his friend and play-

mate, young Dolliver, would not have shoes, young BROWN, as soon as he had gotten around the turn of the road, took of his shoes, hid them, and went to the picnic barefooted, as was his friend and playmate. Returning, he put on the shoes before appearing at the parental home. He chose to be on equal terms with his boyhood friend, and sacrificed pride to accomplish his purpose. The delicious touch to this incident was the studied effort to relieve his little friend of any mortification over a difference in dress, and the concealment of the plan so that young Dolliver would not know of the boyhood sacrifice. This is an illustration of genuine friendship and loyal companionship, and foreshadowed the man Junior BROWN in his private and public life. His proprietorship of worldly goods never spoiled him and never inspired him to do an act or assume a position at all affected by the power of wealth. He never tried to use his money or his private or political power for supremacy. He constantly sought the human level, spurning friendships that were not based upon merit or a victory not attained by intellectual or moral forces. Money and power were to him a trust. He was incapable of being cruel, arbitrary, dishonest, or unfair. He trod the earth unafraid, because he had the consciousness of using his own means and power with justice as a guide. This faith and confidence in his fellow man automatically inspired faith in him.

On the Saturday before his death I was invited with other Members of Congress from his State to a dinner which he was giving to the members of the congressional committee from his district. Unfortunately I was compelled on the day of the dinner to tell him that I could not attend, owing to other engagements which were pressing. At that dinner 13 sat down to the table on Saturday night, and on the next Tuesday morning he was stricken

with apoplexy and died on the second day afterwards without regaining consciousness. Of course, there is nothing in sitting down to a dinner with 13, and yet I can not suppress a regret that I did not go to make the fourteenth. This loss is not Preston County's, for this man belonged to the State. His district and State need such men, and they feel that one of their distinguished men has been called away while in the vigor of his physical manhood and just as he was finally placed for usefulness. He had improved his time in the House and was recognized as a Member who studied public questions, attended his committee meetings, and was a force to be reckoned with. He spoke when he had something to say; stated his propositions clearly and systematically; argued them when necessary; but rarely ever undertook to indulge in ornamentation of speech. He probably knew intimately more of his colleagues than any man in the House. His frankness, good sense, and sûnny disposition made an asset that enabled him to accomplish much with little public discussion.

Success is relative. It depends upon many things past and present. The measure of an accomplishment depends upon the amount of resistance. The heights attained in business or politics are gauged by the surroundings and the obstacles. Junior BROWN became a successful man notwithstanding the handicap of wealth in youth. Thousands of young men have failed because they had money with which to gratify the appetites. We often extol the poor boy who has risen in spite of poverty. Let us be candid and admit that poverty in youth has its advantages as well as disadvantages. The young man who has wealth must run the gauntlet of temptation as the young man without means must carry the handicap of enforced work.

Lincoln's inspiration and vision may have pierced his soul because of some struggle with poverty and adverse conditions which might not have intervened had he been in easy financial circumstances. Jefferson might not have been able to fathom the philosophy of self-government and the whole gamut of human liberty had he not been given a liberal education and the means which enabled him to pursue his studies without much care for his living expenses. The American heart loves the boy who struggles against poverty and ignorance to secure opportunity for genius and enterprise, and it is equally as generous in its praise for young millionaires, like Vincent Astor, who enlist for their country's service and leave luxury and ease for duty amid hardship and exposure in the trenches.

After all, rich or poor, each individual must tread the wine press of temptation or poverty alone. The poor Dolliver or the well-to-do BROWN must have strength of body and mind, solidity of character, habits of work, to rise in the fierce struggle for life's prizes. Both had the physique, the head, the heart, to persevere in their tasks, to consecrate manhood and honor, to love their fellow man. Each added a gem to the crown of West Virginia.

It was a benevolent dispensation of Providence that saved this kind-hearted, brave man from the pain and struggles of death. A kindly hand brought the message without a warning to distress or pain him, and he passed away to solve alone the great mystery—"If a man die, yet shall he live again."

He goes to the reward of the Christian who wrote his title to eternal happiness upon the hearts of his fellow man with whom he mingled here on earth. His funeral cortege was met in the dead of winter in the beautiful little town of Kingwood by people from every walk of life. It was painful and yet interesting to see the signs of distress among all the people. It did not take a close observer to

tell that he had been beloved by his people. Sadness could be read in the faces of even the children. It was not a formal funeral, but from all sections of the country and from all parts of the State friends who loved him while he lived genuinely mourned his death. Death is but the promise and the beginning of a new life, and if it be the true work of a Christian to help one's fellow man and "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," then Junior Brown in his life performed that full measure of duty which attaches to his profession of faith and his membership in a Christian church, and his spirit is now enjoying that bliss eternal which is promised by the Bible.

Address of Mr. Hughes, of New Jersey

Mr. President: I had the privilege of serving with the Hon. William G. Brown, late Representative in Congress from the State of West Virginia, and had for him the affection and esteem which all had who, like me, knew him through that association.

He was one of those rare individuals with whom friendship and affection were not matters of slow growth, and from our first meeting I felt toward him as though he had been a lifelong friend. He was generous and courteous to those with whom he came in contact, and I think it can be truly said of him that no man ever came to injury through a transaction he had with William G. Brown.

He was one of those endowed by nature with a warm sympathy for and a broad understanding of humanity, despite its frailties and imperfections. I never heard him say a harsh word to a human being, and nature seemed to have endowed him with a knowledge of the great truth, one of the greatest of all truths, that "to understand all is to forgive all."

Taking him all in all, I never met a man in the course of my long association here with men from every section of our great land who did more to make me feel that there was something about our people, our institutions, our Government, our national spirit that was calculated to make this Nation lasting and secure.

He was an industrious, patriotic, and able legislator, single-mindedly devoted to the interests of those whom he represented in Congress, with an eye ever on the larger interests of the Nation which he loved and served. All that strength of mind, nobility of character, and loftiness of purpose could give him he brought to the service of the State and the Nation. So that as public servant and

as private citizen he did the work each day which came to his hand and needed to be done, not reluctantly and grudgingly, but with the optimism and enthusiasm of one who took pleasure in the performance of a difficult but necessary task.

And so we say to those whom he leaves behind, we, too, treasure the memory of your lost one; we note his absence with a pang, less poignant perhaps than yours, but none the less real. We join those who mourn the absence of one who left the world better than he found it, and we indulge the hope that we ourselves may earn that consciousness of right doing which enabled him to seek his last couch "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Unspoiled by wealth, unstained by contact with the sordid things of the world, the memory of William G. Brown will live long in the hearts of those who knew and trusted him. His epitaph is inscribed on those hearts in the words "He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

Address of Mr. Clapp, of Minnesota

Mr. President: These services are a solemn admonition that death is ever stalking in our midst. In the 16 years which I have served in this body 41 Members of the Senate have died in service and 35 have died after their service here had terminated. Some one has expressed the sentiment "bring me flowers while I am living rather than strew them upon my grave." That sentiment broadened into a recognition of the duty we owe those around us, of the duty of making our pathway a ray of sunshine to others, is a noble sentiment, but if brought down to the individual there is always a possibility that favors done the living and shown the living may have back of them the thought of favors to be returned. However, the flowers which we strew upon the graves, the words we say of those who are gone, can have no such thought lurking behind them.

We come to-day to pay our heartfelt tribute to the memory of one who has departed. While we may not know as to whether he is cognizant of this tribute, we do know that the genuine tribute of the living to the memory of the dead reflects itself in a broadened impulse to prompt those who live and pay the tribute.

Man is not only dual in his nature, but he is many-sided in many ways. A man is largely the product of environment, and yet a strong man contributes to form the character of the institutions about him.

Mr. Brown came from a section where the people were a sturdy people. Following him but a little time a great struggle came, and out of that great struggle a State was born. It must have required a strong and sturdy people to have evolved that condition, and Mr. Brown inherited and received from environment those attributes which con-

tributed to his own strong nature, to his own sturdy character. On the other hand, he himself in turn left his impress upon those conditions and upon his environment.

It is not my purpose to speak in detail of the life of Mr. BROWN. There is one trait only that I shall dwell upon, and that was the great, broad, generous nature of our departed friend. Owing to circumstances beyond his own control, he was relieved of much of the stress that comes to so many of the boys and young men of our land, but, as has been well said, while poverty is a limitation, wealth too often also proves a limitation. While Mr. BROWN did not have to meet and overcome the limitations of poverty as some have had to do, he did have to meet and overcome the limitations of wealth. In doing that he emerged with a great, generous nature, unshriveled, untouched by the possession of wealth that he himself knew not the cost of, having largely inherited it. To my mind, sir, that is an evidence of strength of character, and should be recalled in connection with his own character.

His benefactions knew no limitations of party nor of favors received or expected. His generous nature, out from his kindly heart and with liberal hand, bestowed its benefactions with reference to need, that being the only test. He has gone, but he lives, and he will live, in the inspiration which he gave to those with whom he came in contact; and that generous, broad spirit of his will grow and expand through the activities of others inspired by him.

The great mystery of life and death, in a definite sense, is as unsolved to-day as it was when the first mother felt within her a quickening life or later was astonished to find that life become cold and inanimate; but in all the time that has gone one great truth, among others, has come to us, and that is, that we do survive this life in the

spirit of our activities here operating upon others. When I contemplate the departure of one whom I have known and loved I am tempted to repeat the language of Whittier, addressed to the departed spirit of Sumner:

Thou hast gone like one who takes his light and seeks his chamber,
While I remain a little time to cover up the embers which still burn.

While all time has thrown little light upon the great mystery, yet we have a guide; and by that guide men like Mr. BROWN live and die. More and more, sir, we are coming to realize that, as the Master taught 19 centuries ago, love of God is love of man; service to God is service to man; and that the great sermon, after all, is wrought out in the gospel of man's service to man. Measured by that test, which had its sanction from the lips and the activities of the Master, we need little concern ourselves with the further solution of this mystery. It will be unfolded in time. We may well, I think, embody our thoughts upon that subject in the beautiful language of Longfellow:

Ah, if the soul but poise and swing,
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever steady, ever true,
To the task and the toil we have to do,
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The fortunate isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy, and not of fear.

Address of Mr. Kern, of Indiana

Mr. President: I became acquainted with William G. Brown, of West Virginia, in the spring of 1911, soon after I came to Washington. For four years or more we lived in the same hotel, and our acquaintance became so close and intimate that I had full opportunity to form a just estimate of his character. First of all, he was a thorough gentleman, urbane and courteous, gentle and dignified in manner, easily winning the confidence and respect of all who met him. Then, added to his dignity and courtesy was the possession of a great heart and kindly spirit, which captivated the men and women who knew him well, so that he was always rich in the friendship of all his associates.

When our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship, the memory of which I shall always cherish, and when I observed the noble qualities of head and heart which greatly distinguished him, I could readily understand why his neighbors, regardless of party, rallied about him in his contests, and, forgetting political differences, remembered only his greatness of heart and nobility of soul and cast their ballots accordingly.

His was a knightly and chivalrous soul, and in the presence of ladies he was the very embodiment of politeness and courtesy. His devotion to family was so marked as to command the attention of all who were brought in contact with them. He brought to Congress an intelligent and accurate knowledge of public affairs and addressed himself to his duties with great ability and rare fidelity. No district in the United States ever had a more faithful, conscientious, and patriotic Representative in Congress than did the second district of West Virginia in the person of William G. Brown. He loved his native State and

gloried in her history and traditions, and right loyally did he espouse every measure that he believed would promote her honor and welfare and add to the happiness and prosperity of her people.

The divine Master, when on earth, declared that those who loved the Lord and their neighbors as themselves should surely inherit eternal life. Accepting this as the highest and most conclusive declaration on this all-important question, there can be no doubt but the future happiness of our friend is assured. He proved his love of God by his exemplary and useful life, eschewing evil and observing the important commands of the Master, and there is a cloud of witnesses to bear testimony that he loved his neighbor as himself.

Sir, in more than a third of a century of public life I have met and known a large number of public men of all parties and from all sections of the country, but I never knew a man of nobler instincts, higher ideals, or a keener appreciation of public duty than this friend of mine, who lived for his family, his friends, and his State, and who, when he came to die, left as a heritage to his loved ones the unstained record of an honorable and blameless life.

Peace to his ashes; honor to his memory!

Address of Mr. Lewis, of Illinois

Mr. President and Senators: I have not participated frequently in proceedings which we call obituary, and yet to my thinking there is nothing we do which in its effect is so far-reaching upon the young. There is nothing we do, Senators, which so greatly influences the aspiring mind as the certificate we give to the public servant of his country according to his merit and measured by his tried work. I was not on the list to respond to-day. It is only at this moment that I am solicited for expression by Senator Chilton, the dear friend of the distinguished Congressman and long my dear companion.

Senators, I was a student, battling, as many of us have done, between the University of Virginia and toiling at whatever I could get in an office to maintain myself. I went to the city of Savannah, where my relatives were, and through the influence of some of them got a position between the sessions of the university as a clerk in a law office in Savannah. There was put into my hands during the summer in some way the bound volume of the obituaries upon Julian Hartridge, a Member of Congress from Georgia, who had been a member of the law firm which I was then permitted to serve in this obscure position. To this minute my mind returns to the observations of a man by the name of Martin Maginnis, of the State of Montana (then doubtless a Territory, for that was in 1888). I remember the impression his reference to the influence of the personal character of this man Hartridge—of his genial kindness, and of the little things of goodness he did of which he never spoke. These made a solemn impress upon me. I reflected how any man might long to live such a life that those who knew him

intimately could, when he is dead, speak of those things which really mark the human being and his real value in life—his kindnesses, obscure and unknown to the public, extended to the miserable, the oppressed, and to those who are not so situated that they can reward the largess of favor. It left on me a strong conviction that, after all, the noblest trait of a man is the doing of good to the needy, and that if he is to be remembered at all he should be remembered for that, and for that loved and praised.

I have never failed, Senators, as I have listened to obituaries since I have come to public life, to look for those little tributes which may be presented by men who have known the subject of the obituary in that personal, intimate way.

Many men, Senators, may rise to where they may fulmine, as it were, upon the great public questions of the day. They may light the torch of eloquence and send it flaming against the skies in the eventful hour of an excited world. They may present from time to time suggestions of statesmanship that may serve the expedience of the hour, and these great events, like unto peaks along the mountain ridges, may be pointed to as evidences of their great mental power. These things, however, are only periods in a man's life—they flash and fade. They are the extraordinary and unusual. They serve only the unusual and extraordinary conditions. Mr. President, it is the even tenor of the way of life wherein a man inscribes himself that his real worth is demonstrated. It is in the little things he does for unimportant fellow man which mark him as to whether he was really worthy of the love of his fellow citizens and the confidence of his countrymen. It is such as this that tests if he deserves to be remembered in kindly speech and gentle praise afterwards. It is here where he may be certified as being worthy of the certificate given him by his neighbors as a

worthy man and by his fellow citizens as entitled to be embalmed in praise.

Mr. President, I was a Member of Congress from the State of Washington, representing that State at large, when a kindly faced gentleman, ruddy and genial, with blue eyes lighted from the skies and sparkling manner, rippling with joy, was on a visit to the town of Whatcom, now called Bellingham, Wash. He was pointed out to me at a distance as visiting in the State of Washington and being from West Virginia; it was stated that he had some property possessions which he had come out to the State to view. I met this gentleman upon the only personal acquaintance I ever had with him previous to coming to the Senate. It appeared that he had gone out to the State of Washington with an interesting object, one we may detail here with pleasure. He had some poor relations. They were obscure and unknown; they were in poverty and in need. He had gone through poverty in his life and he had known need; and while to the outer world, sir, it was certified that he had come to look over his land, he was missed for a day or two, and it was reported to me, not from his lips, on the morning of the evening I was to speak in the city in my own political campaign, that this man had been invited to take a place on the platform, but he would be late, and the reason given was he had gone out to this little village outside of the larger city to find his poor relations, to take the children and to arrange for their schooling, to take a deformed and paralyzed relative and bring him to where he could be treated in the hospital, to purchase a very small home for the woman of the house—to make them free at last from want. To do this godly act had been the mission for which he had traveled all these miles. This, sir, was the introduction I had with this gentleman called William G. Brown, and his mission to that State and his service in this charity and godliness were his acquaintance to me.

I came afterwards, sir, to the State of Illinois to make my home, and now am honored with the privilege of sitting with my fellows as the representative of that State here in the Senate. I met Congressman BROWN from time to time after I came while he was serving here, representing the State of West Virginia. We often, of course, referred to the occasion of his being out in this State when I was in this political campaign. I never knew him intimately. I never knew him that I might speak of him in such a manner as the distinguished Senator from West Virginia [Mr. Chilton], the charming and lovable gentleman, the Senator from New Jersey [Mr. Hughes], who was his comrade in the House, or this my very excellent and beloved friend from Indiana [Mr. Kern]; nor could I speak of him in the sense of philosophy that the eminent Senator from Minnesota [Mr. Clapp] discloses today. But, sir, I am permitted to say that I had the test which, I trust, if it shall be my misfortune to leave public life through the gates of death, those who know me would have some occasion to remember me by: It was for that personal charactertistic of kindness, that little, gentle speech that was encouraging, that manner that always greeted, the hand ever extended, a face glowing with a smile, an eye lighted with welcome, and a kindly nature that radiated warmth and joy and extended affection to all. No man came within the radius of his touch but felt the glow of that warmth and the joy of that association.

These personal virtues, sir, I have never a doubt, were what contributed to the successes referred to by these eminent men who knew him so intimately; for few men could have lived to the standard he displayed in his everyday life without receiving the rewards of his fellows in the honors of his country.

Mr. President, it is such monuments as are built by these men for whom we speak and such certificates as we are

able to give which inspire young men to dream of lofty positions in government. They hope, when they may have earned the rewards of their fellows, to be certified as having deserved them. When we speak truthfully and justly of such men we say to the young man, "Live likewise; be worthy of the certificate of your fellows; and to the end that you do that it is necessary that you shall love your neighbors, serve your fellow man, be faithful to your country, responsible to your God." There is no higher mission; there is no nobler task. As I contemplate this man W. G. BROWN on this sacred Sabbath day where we are assembled to convert this Hall into the temple where we pay him this tribute I am pleased to recall that he seemed to me to personify all there was of that which St. James has said is religion pure and undefiled—the help to the orphan who was helpless, the cheer and the succor to the widow who was hopeless, the kindliness to all nature, and help to all of God's children. This he performed without cant and without pretense; and thus he bore himself as I feel, sir, in the standard of a true man—loving his fellow man on earth and serving his God in heaven. I salute him in death as he was loved in life.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions which I have offered.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Finley, Mr. Tribble, Mr. BROWN, and Mr. Moss, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 4 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 26, 1917, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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